

# THE NUTCRACKER

TYLER FLINCHBAUGH

---

He stands as if chiseled  
From a tree  
In a uniform of embers,  
Tipped with a golden glow.  
Strands of snow  
Dance around  
Chin and clavicle.  
Polished and painted,  
The natural pattern  
Now unknown,  
The big black boots march  
To the Little Drummer Boy.  
Armed with teeth, short  
Sword and lever:  
Blockade that street!  
Commandeer that dream!  
Chew and chomp  
The Ten Commandments.  
The vultures in his head,  
Pry the meat  
Off the bones of  
God, if he saunters  
Into sight.  
Perched on a  
Golden pedestal,  
With a gaze of a robotic falcon eye,  
Big brother, or just little men.